

Fuller

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- Jasper Verse -



BY

Ralph James (Raphemes)



*I would not arouse the ire
Of greater minds, by calling it poetry;
In my humble way, to encourage aims
 higher
Is my only desire.*

Raphemes

Greetings

May this Christmas be the happiest
Of all the joys gone by.
The New Year with prosperity
Filled with pleasure, not a sigh.

The past year with its sadness
Couched in poverty and strife,
Let's meet the New Year smiling
With its fullness of new life.

The toilers so oppressed
Shall smile again with glee.
The hands that rule our destiny
Will change in——'43.

'Twas not the powers in Parliament
That caused the stress to be,
The unseen power in Wisdom
This lesson we must see.

To change the thoughts that men pursue,
Live for good, not for pelf,
Emulate Him who held all power,
Rule for others, not for self.

RAPHEMES.

Hospital

The Sisters of St. Martha's,
Gentle Ladies Three,
To mitigate the pain,
Of suffering humanity.

Their grace pervades the Marble Halls—
The Hospital St. Martha's;
They emulate the Spirit of God,
Four Sisters of St. Martha's.

To live and serve their fellow beings,
What greater aim in life than this,
Sweet voices sing their praise to him,
Who hath prepared a place of bliss,
For the Sisters of St. Martha's.

The gratitude of a recent patient.



Jasper Lodge

On the edge of a glistening lake
You spy the Lodge through the trees,
A delightful vacation you take,
Enraptured with pleasure and ease.

At night, it looks like a fairy glen
Midst pine and mountain peak,
Its brilliant lights and strolling forms
Reflected in the deep.

In dreams you go back to childhood
And the days you spent in the wildwood;
Where the wild flowers beckoned you once,
To enchanted vales of romance.

In ecstasy you went your way,
In fancy, monarch of all you survey.
Blissful, carefree days, from strife,
Hope and imagination, elixir of life.

Here live again in that peace and joy,
And all the thrills you had as a boy.
Cast your cares to the winds above;
Unite in a season of Brotherly love.

RAPHEMES.



Jasper Volunteers

No sound of music to bid adieu,
The bugle sounds afar,
You heard the call, away you went,
Honour to vindicate anew.

May honor and glory guide your way
And your valor never waver.
To protect the peace for those you love
As it did in other days.

To curb the hand of tyranny
Wherever it is found.
Ever ready to repress
Greed and vanity.

Free those that are depressed,
You valiant fellows went,
Canadians, and Britons
Will ever more be blessed.

RAPHEMES.

Athabasca Waters

Just careening o'er its river bed
In blithe and joyous infancy,
From its ice clad home, it sped
Rippling in serenity.

A sudden turn—its river bend
O'er the rocks the waters fell.
From its canyon, its Northern trend,
Majestic anger, roars from Hell.

The rainbow tints shot through its spray
Translucent picture as it falls.
A maddened torrent on its way
Churning from out its rocky walls.

Distance and the length of time
Matured now with added strength.
Scenes are such in summer time
Touring ships with fur and wealth.

Then the Wolf wind of the north
Hidden wealth and frozen brow,
Prospectors, trappers, flying North
Civilization conquering now.

RAPHEMES.



Maligne Lake

With an evil name,
The gem of Canadian Rockies,
Embracing a number of glaciers' feet,
And Rainbow frolicking in the deep.

Its rippling river,
Through shaded glade,
The trout bask in its pools,
Just in schools.

A beauty spot,
Its aplant shore,
Away from the maddening throng,
Where humans in peace belong.

Its restless stream is turpid,
Now, as o'er the rocks it rolls,
Churning canyon to awful depth,
Into fantastic bowls.

From which the silver spray,
Fantastic curtains form,
Then in winter time
Hang in icy castles drawn.

RAPHEMES.



Nature at its Best

Such beautiful pictures, I have in mind,
The wonders of Nature I've seen,
Majestic mountains, clothed in snow,
Encircled in garments of green.

Those pictures mirrored in the lakes
Wonders reflected surpassing.
Cloudless sky shoots rays of lights
Through pines, like spectres passing.

You drive through spacious valleys,
Where rivers once did run.
Beside rivers, lakes, and streams
Where waterfalls frolic in fun.

Then, once in nature's vagaries,
Snow bent little saplings o'er.
The glade, fantastic trees today
Over which the Birdmen soar.

In autumn trees just change their dress
Olive green, to various hue,
Noble pines and firs with changeless green
Joyously sing in solitude.

If you wish to see Nature's wonderland,
And fill your Soul with rest,
Visit Jasper for vacation.
See Nature at her best.

RAPHEMES.



J A S P E R

The City in the Mountains or The Battle of the Glaciers

This City upon a glacier bed,
You wonder where those boulders were shed,
How far they had travelled and rolled and
 rolled,
As stealthily onward their burden they sped.

A thousand years or more they say,
Four valleys their glaciers sent astray.
Upon nature's wheels each went their way;
At the confluence they met one day.

Two glaciers met, Maligne and Miette,
Each other to out-sally.
Such a struggle this glen had never seen yet!
Then Pyramid came to the rally.

Such a terrible surge and roaring!
A splitting, crashing and grinding!
Shrill screeching, groaning and squeezing!
As tho' fiends from below were soaring.

These warring giants caused much commotion,
As each of their names imply; *
Seeking to force a way out of this glen,
All determined each to try.

Such powers in battle waging,
This terrible raging tumult,
Impelled by invisible movements,
Tempestuous forces raging.

Reinforcements kept advancing,
Imperceptible to the eyes,
Yet slow but sure as ever time flies,
Those wheels moved on to the fray.

In science and fact a frigid force by act,
Caused such friction and heat in this basin,
This translucent power began to dissolve
And through a rift in the rocks went racing.

Then Yellowhead bows to Mount Edith Cavell,
Both glaciers swept down as Allies,
Those demons flew North before the Angel of
Peace,
Hence the Athabasca Valleys.

RAPHEMES.

(*) Maligne, wicked, Miette, treacherous,
Pyramid of conceit in its own
splendor.



Pyramid Mountain and Lake Jasper Park

A pyramid of colours rare
The colour of artist can never compare
Myriad tints of hues and tone
Here the eagle makes his home.

The mountain goat obscured by white
Bear, black and brown blend in shades around
A thousand colours did Nature provide
To protect living creatures both feather and
hide.

The old gold and grey, the wolf in its lair.
A sheep on that ledge like a statue there
Defies the lens of the hunter fair
The bright copper rocks a match to his hair

The peacock blues shot with radiance bright
Lose to view the golden eagle in flight
You catch a glimpse when to wings he take
Reflected below in that beautiful lake.

Thousands of feet this mountain high
Reveals in the lake its crest and the skies
This liquid mirror the colours enhance
Such wealth of colour description defies.

Sparkling gems in the lake are shown
Like a sea of richest pearls
The brilliance of the diamond
And glint of the sapphire stone.

At dawn it shows its roseate hues
At noon you see its crimson crest
In fancy espy the robin's red breast
At sunset the bluebird blue.

And now the sun tips yonder spires
Throws one last challenge, this rock despise
Back from its eyes spears of fire flies
Now all is turned to grey.

Such purity of colour both mountain and lake
Only the Hand of God could make
You standing there with reverence, Hark
To Nature's song through all the park.

The Ranch, Pochahontas, Alberta,

RAPHEMES.

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The Mountains

With horny heads uplifting,
Standing supreme,
The Mountains tower forth,
Their awe-inspiring wonders to have seen.

And what majestic grandeur,
Their spires reaching high,
With glistening golden splendour,
Like pathways to the sky.

As up those paths you wander,
Voices speak to us and say:
Let sordid strife remain below
This is God's only way.

When to higher planes you go
The rarer flowers you find,
Its paeons are enthralling—
Priceless treasures of the mind.

While in this tardy sordid life,
Let the mountains call to thee—
No matter how feeble the effort,
The purer the soul shall be.

RAPHEMES.
Pocahontas, Alta.,

To Mr. and Mrs. H. Slater,
118 N. Hilson Ave.,
Monterey Park,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Jacques Lake **from North-East Approach**

A crystal gem within fortress walls,
Clad and green with age,
A silver thread through portal fall,
Guarded by sentinels, rugged and tall.

Like all rich gems, they are found
Afar from the haunts of man;
And fish galore you can pull ashore,
To replenish the angler's pan.

The red spotted trout, called Dolly Varden,
Had found a home in such a garden;
Its source is from a cascade rare,
Disciples of Walton should all go there.

RAPHEMES.
The Ranch,
Pocahontas, Alta.

Jasper Park.



The Ramparts — Tonquin Valley

Their crests with parapets,
Misty castles you may see;
Phantom armies sweeping by,
With waving plumes of pure snow,
Aurora's gleaming swords across the sky.

Across the vale a challenge bold,
And with a crash,
Rock chariots rolled;
Its very dust, animated forms
In fierce impetuous race.

With fiendish death emerge,
See the lines of giants surge,
Their limbs all shattered and torn,
With sinews all seared and bleeding,
Of all their glory shorn.

A lurid scar upon Nature's face,
Like sin God's garden marred,
When in this wonder valley
All else, but inspiration
Is debarred.

List the glaciers cannons roar,
As avalanche of ice and snow
Burst from its turrets high—
God breathes, it vanishes
As smoke in the sky.

Jasper, Alta.,

RAPHEMES.



Our Home

Just a cottage in the woods,
Where my love and I abide—
By a canyon deep and wide,
List the music of the woods.

There we linger all the day
And watch the stream go by;
The Rainbow trout leap for the fly—
We see the wild game play.

The snow-capped mountains near,
All graceful creatures roam,
Slake their thirst in lazy stream,
As moonlight peace appear.

As rippling stream rolls to the tide,
The beaver dreams all day;
In such a home on Life's highway,
My love and I'll abide.

Alone with God's creation,
Here God and man commune;
Wild creatures here assume
'Tis Nature's habitation.

Jasper, Alta.,

RAPHEMES.

Vacation

In the glade of the evergreen pine,
With their knarled trunks of time;
Where the deer from sun recline
In pastures green.

As I ramble on with ease,
Free from toil and strife,
My soul filled with peace—
Oh, the ecstasy of life!

Away in God's creation,
Wild creatures live content;
We exist in civilization
Now on pleasure bent.

All nature strives for light,
Blessed above all creatures,
Our ego blinds our sight
Still Thy blessings reach us.

Ungrateful humans we,
We fail Thy love to see;
Reveal Thy light to all
Let us abide with Thee.

Hear all nature sing
As dawn the daylight brings,
Wind whistles through the trees
And stirs the busy bees.

Awake, my soul, to light,
Light of His glorious love.
And ever from this day
Sing songs They sing above.

RAPHEMES.

Evening in the Mountains

As the shades of evening fall,
Relentless steel blue in the sky,
And March's cold blasts fly by,
Then the dismal hoot owls call.

You wonder where creation sleeps
And the stillness is appalling;
Where the Spirits of Immortals keep—
Hear paeons of reverence falling.

Listening for that music rare,
Now invoke my Maker's care;
Let me, Lord, such praises share
In Thy eternal home.

Through the mists of eventide—
So helpless and forlorn,
And when my soul's reborn,
Lord, be Thou my guide.

RAPHEMES.

Sun Set

The hills are tipped with gold,
As the sun sets in the west,
May our souls be as unalloyed,
Our declining days be blest.

Heedless years in vanity boast,
When passions are our body's host,
In strength we quell that still, small voice—
Spurn the promptings of our soul's pure choice.

Ungrateful humanity in our conceit,
When vitality courses in every heart's beat,
Listens to our soul's pleading pour,
When standing at the threshold's door.

When your eye-sight dims
And earth's faculties all broken,
Your soul's vision wakens,
Hear more clearly Heaven's language spoken.

Oh, wasted lives with sickness taken,
Such empty vessels all forsaken,
To God, in mercy,—we so craven,
Our Souls will lead us to be forgiven.

RAPHEMES.

Fall

You walk the woods in winter,
Startled with noise around you,
Like rifle shots every where,
Contraction of bark astound you.

Like faint music the leaves fall,
The sap goes down beneath,
Squirrels peep from needle bed,
'Neath sod upon the ground.

Birds fly listlessly from tree to tree,
Eagle and hawk just watch.
Many insects in state of torpor,
The hungry bear catch.

Many dig and hibernate,
Bear and marmot too,
The rock rabbit in his fortress bed;
Humans have work to do.

All are busy in the spring,
As the new life renew.
Squirrels leap from tree to tree,
Buds push through the sun to view.

Roses and flowers respond to heat,
As the sun beams on bloom.
Such radiance on Earth for sin,
Should leave no room.

RAPHEMES.

Nature

The face of the waters are still,
Leaves are calm at ease,
The angry winds sweep to higher planes,
Frost disturbed their peace.

Chilly winds hath seared the fields,
Golden leaves turn red,
Its breath stills all nature,
Blasts all foliage dead.

All nature called to rest,
The trees their life retain,
It shoots a leaf, starts a branch,
The sun starts life again.

All life is short, allotted span,
Each species has its term;
To feebleness in years
Life's lamp still burn.

The hand that rules all nature,
May our lives be not in vain;
When immortality calls us
To new life again.

RAPHEMES.



The Sun

God's sun in the sky
Beams gracious today,
O'er snow clad mountains
Clothed in purity.

Its rays glide with ease
Through the wide sylvan glen,
The warm breath of life
To spruce and pine trees.

Their waving fronds
Are dancing with glee;
For budding poplar
And willow, you see.

As though spring has come,
Once again like the dawn,
Arousing from slumber,
They prance like a fawn.

I often wonder
What praises they sing,
Rejoicing, life wakens
Every spring.

All life rejoices when
Spring comes to gladden;
The trials of life,
Like winter doth sadden.

If trials like winter,
You will overcome,
You'll revive in all beauty
In the grace of God's Son.

RAPHEMES.

Eskimo Culprit

Sdth what this I see
Tracks in the snow.
No moccasin or snow shoe
One he come, one he go.

While I hunt, one he come
To my Igloo, man.
His foot tracks, him I know,
I see that mark behind the heel.

Further north I careful be,
This the white man after me.
I leave some skins and meat behind,
Then he wait for me to find.

Quick I ketch my snow shoes up,
Away to north bad-lands I go.
Fix 'em on back heel to toe,
He no know then when I go.

I ketch 'em lake, then my canoe,
With pemican and gun in bow;
My paddle dip and stealthy go,
Bending low and close to shore.

As night come on across um lake,
And up that darkened stream;
Now if I ketch um bad lands,
Much safer, it will seem.

That yellow stripe, so well I know,
Like the spirit wind I feel,
'Em tracks around my igloo, was
The boot of Law and spurs of steel.

On the edge of this hidden stream,
I camp by the night moons beam.
Me ketch um no fire, it may be seen
So eat um pemican raw.

I care no sleep, at the slightest sound
I ketch um up my gun,
For many moons this is my round—
So far from igloo and home sound.

Me, like 'em wolves by hunger driven
Away in wilds to hide, I have still,
Since 'em day at the post,
Um white man I kill.

One day in my boat, I try some to fish,
A big noise like bees, ketch im ear;
I look all around, for um big sound
Which make me all big fear.

Then something make a hole in 'em boat,
Like I put my finger in.
The water come in, down go um boat,
I ketch um swim, swim, swim.

I swim ashore, and there I'm before
The yellow stripes, boots and steel spurs.
They took me way up into the sky,
In that humming noise I hear.

I never move but shake with fright,
Think to um God I go.
Me say to him, he let me down
Zidac never kill no more.

The humming stopped and up I got,
Me thought it must be Heaven.
He took me to a great big place
And there I was forgiven.

The great big man um sit up there,
Um look so kind and good.
I do not ketch um what he said,
I only stand and stare.

Then yellow stripes with boots and spurs,
Me back to my people send,
And tell them if they do not kill,
The white man is their friend.

RAPHEMES.

Spring's Bridal Morn

Happy is the bride the sun shines on,
Its radiance is surpassing,
On this bright April morn
Beaming smiles on Spring's day, born.

The trees in bridal array adorned,
This wonderous beauty of coyness shorn,
Awaiting with confidence and calm,
The coming her prince enfold in his arms.

The sky a steel blue, no shadow cloud,
A stillness as only North stillness you feel,
All Nature enrapt with happy emotions,
The bluebird flutters, harbinger of weal.

By noon, Earth's beauty her veil laid aside,
Last emblem of isolation belied,
The sun and beauty united in duty.
Example to all Nature, its bounties provide.

RAPHEMES.

Pocahontas, Alta.,

England as I Remember

England as I remember,
Where green grass and flowers belong,
The violets and lilies,
Its buttercups and daisies,
And birds rejoice in song.

There's bonny little Scotland,
Its bagpipes and thistle belong,
Here bluebells and heather grow,
Oatmeal and the haggis,
Join with Britain's band.

Wales as I remember,
The art of song belongs,
Land of song and glory,
With its pungent little leeks,
To England we belong.

Canada and other colonies, too,
Where the maple sugar grows,
Offsprings of the Motherland,
Stand as one together,
Makes Britain that we know.

Whenever trouble threatens,
Where'er the old flag flies,
From all lands they turn
To the noble Union Jack,
They all come back.

Jasper, Alta., Canada,

RAPHEMES.

Rainbow Smile

A maid of the mountains was she
Free as a bird on the wing
As the eagle soars upon high
Light as her voice when she sings
Her face the tint of the orchid bloom
Beside the rippling stream
As lithe as a fawn down in the dell
A smile like a rainbow beam.

The wild game come at her call
As she walks down in the vale
She saw a hunter near the waterfall
Both deer and maid turned pale
Her face took the tint of the lily bell
Beside that limpid stream
As lithe as a fawn she ran down the dell
With a smile like a rainbow beam

RAPHEMES.



Philosophy

It is right for a man to have esteem for his ability, but humility to the degree of acquired knowledge brings wisdom.

Conceit in one's learning escapes wisdom, and gives self-assertion which is an abomination both to the humble and the ignorant.

Knowledge is generally gentle and kind.

RAPHEMES.

Jasper, Alta.

The Passionate Nature

Such a nature in man knows no defeat, usually versatile in skill, forever conceiving new ideas, one thing accomplished gives birth to new aspirations. To think is to act. They are men that do things, not talk.

His impetuous nature is only the result of an alert brain.

What an acquisition to a Nation—or rather the World—with such energy directed aright in the sphere to which they belong.

As to labour, give me the impulsive man every time; whether wheeling a barrow or skilled artisan, he is there with the goods.

He is not an eye worker.

He needs no watching; give him his job and let him do it. His nature cannot tolerate an overseer.

He is invariably conscientious

He is confident of his ability, bold and fearless.

I have no use for drones; unfortunately, so many in their quiet, subtle way become attached like limpets to a Nation.

The question is, should we have as many drones if men knew their proper calling. The man's impulse will be quickened, his whole system becomes alive when he finds the work that appeals to his nature. It acts as a tonic to the lethargic mind.

RAPHEMES.



Often the germ of a hero is dormant in many an unobtrusive person.

Grim tragedy stalks the path of humanity.

A man without integrity is an enemy to the peace of any community.

Tragedy is invisible until it strikes.

Great kindness is often found behind a boisterous heart.

The greatest coward, a bully.

A faithless friend in life, his last respects are useless when you pass on.

No man knows what he is capable of doing till he tries; half the troubles vanish in the attempt.

RAPHEMES.



